

# HOW OLD SANTA CLAUS REFORMED.

By Peter McArthur.

"Get out of here!" said Santa Claus.  
"Pick up your grips and walk!  
I don't intend to buy from you  
And haven't time to talk."

He chased the drummers from his house,  
And then with bang and din  
He turned the keys and shot the bolts  
As he went grumbling in.

The telephone receiver  
er next  
Down from its  
hook he dropped,  
Then said to Mrs.  
Santa Claus:  
"It's this  
thing: stop-  
ped."

"They've fairly made  
a fool of me  
For twenty years  
or more,  
But when they came  
with aeroplanes  
I showed them to  
the door."

"With automobiles  
and such trash  
And bicycles I'm  
through;

"GET OUT OF HERE!"  
My reindeer sled is good enough  
For what I'm going to do.

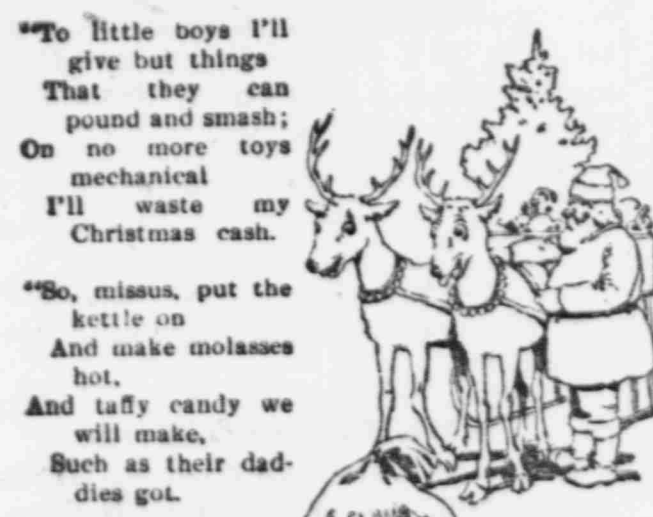
"I've just made up my mind for keeps  
To start the century right;  
So take all that newfangled stuff  
And hide it from my sight."



"MY REINDEER SLED IS GOOD ENOUGH."

"The thimbles and curlies  
That silly folks contrive  
I'll never give away again  
As long as I'm alive."

"I'll give no phonographic dolls,  
But ones of rag instead;  
I'll let the little girls have fun,  
Just as their granmas had."



"To little boys I'll  
give but things  
That they can  
pound and smash;  
On no more toys  
mechanical  
I'll waste my  
Christmas cash."

"So, missus, put the  
kettle on  
And make molasses  
hot,  
And taffy candy we  
will make,  
Such as their dad-  
dies got."

"Bring all the nuts  
and raisins out,  
The bulseye sweets  
and sticks,  
And in the good old  
fashioned way  
His REINDEER TEAM.  
Their stickings I will fix."

And then he hitched his reindeer team.  
Took up his mighty pack,  
Tucked in the reins, shook out the reins  
And gave his whip a crack.

To all his little friends he gave  
Big Noah's arks and such  
Instead of pretty, dinky toys  
That "Baby mustn't touch."



THIS SIGN WILL MEET YOUR EYE.  
And there never was a Christmas day  
Since grandmamas were young  
When children with such happy hearts  
Their Christmas carols sang.

And if you visit Santa Claus  
This sign will meet your eye:  
"No drummers with newfangled stuff  
Need any more apply."

The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by coughing, is requested to call on Wilson & Son and get a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, which always gives relief.



## XMAS AT THE FARM.

THE unmistakable man made signs of Christmas were left behind when I plunged into the dreary waste of snow beyond the borders of the town for the annual pilgrimage to uncle's farm. Only the snow, hiding bush and fence, the white mantled trees and the cold gave a suggestion that somewhere beneath the chilling rural surface of things there were joyous groups preparing holiday revels. Winter was too keen, too freezing, not to have a brighter side than that which lay out of doors.

As I passed the big barn the sounds of young voices behind the huge doors told me that Cousins Frank and Jim were inside, perhaps mending harness or tools or caring for the live stock. The little door, framed in the huge ones, opened to my hand, and Jim and Frank, one holding open a grain bag and the other emptying a bushel into its mealy, gaping mouth, smiled a welcome. Without looking up, Uncle David "struck off" another heaped up measure of grain and marked it down on the score. "I thought it was about time," said he, and I then knew that my social status at the farm had not changed since the last visit.

The horses in their stalls stopped nosing the hay and pricked up their ears for a minute, the cattle held their heads lazily and stared; then the atmosphere resumed its throbbing stillness until the load of bags had been tied and set in rows. Only this and nothing more by way of ceremony in receiving a Christmas guest. Later came inquiries after "the folks" and the newest doings in town.



While uncle cast a satisfied glance at the bursting haymows, the sleek horses and cattle and the rows of bags Jim and Frank challenged me to guesses at the remaining contents of the bins.

"You will all have another guess," chimed in my uncle, "and now let's go and see what's going on in the kitchen." I noticed for the first time that his linen was very fresh for a farmer at work and that the boys

each had on a brand new suit from wool raised on the farm. These trifles were the only evidence of a holiday, for not a word of Christmas had been spoken. We entered the strung out, rambling line of buildings constituting the farmhouse, through a wood shed, into the washroom, then past a storeroom having a faint suggestion of holding supplies that were toothsome. Next came a summer kitchen with a positive odor of newly peeled apples, doughnuts and spiced mince meat. Uncle led the way out upon the porch to avoid the crowded main kitchen, through the open door of which came hot and heavily laden air from ample ovens and steaming kettles and pans.

Cousin Martha, the unplucked flower of a group of seven girls, rushed forward to give the first effusive greeting, and Cousin Hattie, with Cousin Marvin's wife, Jennie, followed suit in make believe girlishness. Aunt Harriet, looking generous enough to wish that all creation might sit down to the feast, whose stages of preparation were shown by stains and flour patches extending from her eyes to the hem of her apron, said in kindly reproval, "You're here, but alone, as usual."

From the porch we went into the family sitting room, and uncle seemed to cut loose from his following as he sat down beside Cousin Tildy, whose fresh widow's weeds lent a somber key to the occasion. Jim and Frank gave a hand in choking silence to their mourning sister, and I wanted to, but had to answer for the city aunt and cousins. Two fatherless little ones rushed in with six other sets of happy grandchildren, and somberness fled from the farmhouse, for the rest of that day at least.

Cousin Marion started in to check her brood, but her childless sister Katherine said: "Let the young ones go it. Time enough to be sober when they get old." Then uncle got down on the floor and turned himself into a horse playing granddaddy until the racket made the old house shake.

My cousins stole out and hurried nervously to the carriage house, on the side of the farm, opposite the big barn. There was life and bustle there, for sleighbells gave fitful melodies as they were taken off and hung up; horses stamped and were told, with sounding slaps, to "Get over!" Cousin Marvin

Continued on page 3.

## A FAIR QUESTION TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

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Mrs. N. E. TALBOT, March 30, 1899. Arrington, Kans.

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## Headaches

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